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BARDIAN

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Page 2	Not in Our Stars A Review Paul Morrison
Page 3	The Liberated [A Story] James Westbrook
Page 6	Sports Phil Gordon
Page 8	The Art of Procrastinating John McLaughlin
Page 9	The Post War Business Cycle Benson Snyder
Page 11	Alumni
Page 12	The Concert [A Poem] Tony Hecht Parlor Games for Strong People Alvin Sapinsley
Page 16	The Church and Social Problems Stanley B. Smith
Page 18	Sonnet [A Poem] William Carpenter
Page 19	Indoctrination Al Roe
Page 20	[Air Force Recruiting Advertisement]

THE BARDIAN

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C O N T E N T S

	Page
Not In Our Stars—A Review by Paul Morrison	2
The Liberated—by James Westbrook	3
Sports—by Phil Gordon	6
The Art of Procrastination—by John McLaughlin	8
Post War Business Cycles—by Benson Snyder	9
Alumni	11
The Concert—by Tony Hecht	12
Parlor Games for Strong People—by Alvin Sapinsley	12
The Church and Social Problems—by Stanley B. Smith	16
Sonnet—by William Carpenter	18
Indoctrination—by Al Roe	19

Not In Our Stars

A Review by PAUL MORRISON

Since it would be gratuitous to dwell on the merits of the performance last week of Alvin Sapinsley's play, "Not In Our Stars", let us pass on to a more critical evaluation.

With respect to the play itself; the script consisting as it did, of scenes which alternated between the boy and his alter (and better) ego, and flashbacks to the past, we became conscious of a certain monotony of form—a kind of inevitability of design which might have been less tedious with judicious cutting. Would we have anticipated with a bit more excitement each succeeding scene had we not been told so explicitly what to expect? Perhaps. Would the successive scenes between Philip and his better self have been improved purely visually by a variety of lighting or staging? Ask the director. Whether the script or the direction was at fault, it is true that after the first few times we listened in on Philip talking things over with himself, we were inclined to lean back when those frost blue lights began dimming up on the forestage, and whisper 'here we go again'.

Certainly the final scene would have been better had it been shorter. It is a little dangerous to spend an evening taking an audience very explicitly and a little too carefully through a maze of the 'conscious unconscious' and then devote a major portion of your final scene to telling exactly what happened especially in terms of rather exhausted misunderstanding of the 'inside-outside' premise of the play. We needed that last scene a little shorter and more quickly on the heels of the final fade-out between Tony and Wes. Al can scarcely be blamed for the inadequacies of the Bard stage with respect to scene shifts, so let's pass on to the performances themselves which were good.

First honors go to Tony Hecht. His performance throughout was sincere, valid and theatrically effective; the transition from the miserable youth of the first scene reaping the just fruits of a nasty manner, to the episodes of his childhood, were affected gracefully and without self consciousness; a creditable feat which we appreciate all the more when we imagine what a less sensitive actor might have done, especially with some of the later scenes necessitating a jump from the age of ten to twenty within a few seconds. Tony has authority, interest and imagination. We recall particularly the underlying poignancy

of the first scene and are grateful. Actual communication between an actor and his audience is a rare thing. Tony can do it. Wes Phillipson did a very fine job as Tony's better self. Understanding very accurately the place of the part in the play, Wes proceeded very neatly in a quietly poised way not to let any of its lightly stated values escape him in the playing; a delicate job. Ben Snyder and Bob Seamen both contributed energetic performances which were keyed very well to the play, and Danny Ransahoff surprised us all by taking over a small part and making its naive credulous outbursts of inanity comically memorable. The comedy trio Sagalyn, Westbrook and Henderson were a joy to behold. It was while they were holding forth in their various buffooneries that the play accomplished its incidental satirical overtones. Next to a really good straight actor, the theatre loves best a really good clown. To have three, each distinctively effective and funny, is something which might easily determine future programs of our theatre here, we hope. We must not forget Lois Montgomery's charmingly simple performance of a difficultly written scene. Miss Montgomery is a good actress as well as a lovely complement to a beautiful spring evening—with stars.

The sets very beautifully encompassed the technical difficulties of such a production on a stage like ours. The play ran smoothly and easily through a series of diverse circumstances and locations. More than this, the sets frequently stated very well inner meanings of the play which a less imaginative designer would not have sensed. The dormitory room had the quality of a lonely and deserted nursery; a trenchant factor in our understanding of Philip dilemma. Dick Burns did a good job.

The musical score by Wayne Horvitz contributed—sometimes quietly, sometimes in a forthrightly dramatic manner, very definitely to the quality of the production. More often than we realized, meanings were being dramatized and transitional scenes were being made effective by means of the music. It coordinated and became an integral part of the whole. Two of the melodies—Philip's song "Where Am I" and the tango rhythm "Watchman. What of the Night" especially, should stand on their feet as musical compositions. The music was deftly played by Dick Seigel at the piano, and Sidney Frohman at the harp. They did a really remarkable job in scoring the numbers and improvising the incidental music.

Altogether, the production represents an especially creditable synthesis of theatrical elements. The script was good, the actors made creative contributions to its interpretation, and the technicians were on their toes. Moreover, it all happened right here within the limits (I happily needn't say limitations) of our own campus. We should have more of the same.

The Liberated

By JAMES WESTBROOK

Ethel and Aida and Alice came to the house right on time at one o'clock in Ethel's red Ford. Their ring caught Marion in the kitchen with an apron on pouring Rye out of a tumbler into four Old Fashioned glasses. This business had given her a provoking quarter of an hour because she had not mixed many Old Fashioned's in her lifetime, and she knew there was still going to be something wrong with them when she gave them to the girls. But while she untied the apron from around her full middle and hurried to the door she told herself it would not make any difference to the girls anyway and she wouldn't worry about it. They would drink them just the same and like her table and eat her chicken salad. They had never provided any more than that when it had been their turn to entertain, nor did they know any more about mixing cocktails.

She opened the door to them with the old clubby phrases, and they came in in their coats and hats, looking about the living room with the wine rug and Mason & Hamlin, the pile of Vogues on the side table, the accessories they had all looked at before in Marion's house. They stood around in their coats and arctics and delicately set about removing their hats. Three old women, Marion thought, and said, "Welcome to the Ski Club." Then she told them not to unleash any gossip till she returned with the drinks.

Ethel and Aida and Alice settled themselves on the ends of chairs and with much gasping and straining pulled off their goloshes. Afterwards they distributed their middle-aged weight around the room and waited for Marion to come back. The handsomest of the three was Ethel who sported a Red Cross Chairman's button on her ample front. She was a large, well turned out woman, her gray hair tightly curled, her complexion and eyes fresh, with a kind of childlike innocence which never seems to leave certain females. Her husband was the city's leading dermatologist and twenty years her senior which might have accounted for some things.

Aida and Alice were neither so handsome nor so attractively dressed as Ethel. Aida was stumpy and wide, having devoted most of her life to the production and marketing of three daughters who finally were all married and had started the same routine on their own hook. The cycle had noticeably dulled her. Alice was a little woman with a whispering heart who looked fragile despite her extra poundage. She and her husband had scrimped and gone without all their married years waiting for his father to die and leave them his money.

Marion went out into the kitchen and put the Old Fashions on a silver tray along with a dish of Ritz crackers. There was too much whiskey in the Old Fashions. Still that was better than not enough. She

liked her table. She had worked hard at it, she didn't exactly know why, using her best china and glassware that usually stayed locked in the china cabinet, and the English silver that had been her mother's. Once in a while she liked to haul out all the nice things she had been born to, but which had not seen much service ever since Bob had lost his shirt and she had had to do the work.

After she had fixed the tray she paused and hid the pint bottle of Rye she had ordered from the drugstore in the cupboard where she kept her pots and pans. Carrying the tray out of the kitchen back to the living room she had the old feeling of insecurity and guilt. Any minute she expected Bob would walk in, see the liquor and take a rotten attitude.

They all made little kittenish squeals when Marion brought in the cocktails as if for them it was something still daring. Marion said, "I can't promise they're the best—" and went around with the tray while each took her drink, her napkins, her cracker.

Ethel was the first to remark, "Why Marion, this is good—" and the others chimed in right after her, "Yes, very good, very good." As they sampled their drinks Marion sat down and watched them for a minute not speaking. Again she thought, old women! There was Aida, her tight worsted stretched and taxed as it resisted the spread of her rump on the chair, her skirt so short she could not cross her legs but must sit with them far apart somehow divorced from one another. There was nothing Aida had ever been able to do with her hair, and now it was white and formless sitting on top of the homely head. Alice, poor girl, had little to work with in the first place although she tried hard with made over dresses and whatnot. Ethel on the other hand was a little different. The Doctor gave her everything. She was like a great well tailored Dresden doll. Marion was suddenly happy at the reassurance that she had the best figure in the Ski Club.

Perhaps that was one of the reasons for its existence; four mediocre wives, each having a particular superiority of her own over the others. Aida had married off her daughters and her talk became monotonous with her daughters and their husbands. Ethel had her big boisterous good health, her comfortable allowance which the Doctor gave her, and the Red Cross Chairman's button that rode her bosom. Marion had her figure. Only Alice seemed to have gone hitless in this league, a pliable reticent fourth with a funny crooked shape and a whisper in her heart. But she made up for this with an ever-ready sympathy, an ear to the troubles of the rest which was a needed element.

Ethel in a moment of revelation had been the one to name them the Ski Club. They had laughed over this. Four less athletic women would have been hard to find. There was little dash anywhere in the crowd. Once a week for the last two years they had taken turns throw-

ing luncheons after which they would sit themselves around a bridge table and play for a fortieth. At the end of the year their combined winnings took them to a play in New York City. Last year they had wanted very much to see "Du Barry Was a Lady," but they could not get tickets. It was the same way with their second choice, "Arsenic and Old Lace," so a little deflated, they ended up at "Mr. and Mrs. North" which was said to be very good.

Ethel was tight. She was always the first one. It took her ten minutes and three quarters of a cocktail. The china doll face would flush, the pretty lips thicken, a suggestion of jowels commenced to drag down the corners of her mouth. Ethel suddenly was all pink, her child-like eyes wide and brilliant with the awareness of her condition. Shrilly she announced, "I was cold when I came in, but now I'm not cold at all." Then they looked at her as if this thing had never happened before and said, "Why Ethel—"

Marion said, "I've got to rush through mine so I can put the lunch on the table, you don't mind—" She downed the Old Fashioned as she would drink some bitter medicine she thought would do her good.

"What are you goin' to give us," said Aida pryingly.

"Well, I haven't got much—"

"I'm hungry," Ethel chirped. She had already disposed of many Ritz crackers. "I'm not embarrassed about it, when I eat I like to get right up next to the food. Oooh, I feel on top of the world, above it in fact."

"These cocktails are strong," said Alice.

Marion did not feel like telling them it was straight Rye, not that it would make any difference. She got up wondering whether her cocktail would hit her. She went out to put the chicken salad on the dining room table and heat the special rolls she had bought for the occasion.

Everybody told Marion how attractive her table was, how delicious the salad, and where did she buy the biscuits. This made Marion feel very good. Ethel ate as if all her organs were taking part.

When Marion at last got herself seated she said, "I won't leave you again. Tell me is it cold out?"

"Bitter," said Aida.

"Disagreeable," said Alice. While they finished off the salad they talked about the war.

"My daughter's husband," said Aida in a tired voice, "has a friend at Singapore."

"I heard they got by the guns at Corregidor," Marion started in importantly.

"Who?" said Ethel.

"The Japs." Marion knew she should never have brought it up. She was a little shaky about the war in the first place.

"Where were they going?"

"I really haven't the slightest idea."

There was a little silence.

"Anyway," Marion went on desperately, "everybody knows Germany hasn't got any coal or oil and it's just eaten up with Typhoid."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Alice.

"Do you think we're going to get bombed?" asked Ethel.

"Not within a year," Marion replied automatically. This was something she felt sure of. "Is any one here taking first aid?"

"A lot of women are."

"I'm not doing a thing," she said vigorously, "not a thing. I suppose that's awful."

"It's the same way with me," said Alice.

"Well I suppose I do my bit," Ethel sighed. The Old Fashioned had worn off slightly, leaving her a trifle bedraggled. Everybody hastened to tell her they thought she was doing a big job with her Red Cross, and strayly her hand wandered up to her chairman's button.

Aida presently let go a long sharp sigh. "I'm sick to death of the war and everybody talking talking around. I don't mind saying it kind of depresses me thinking about it this way."

"My big problem is how to get out of the kitchen," added Marion.

Don't you realize," said Ethel, "this is everybody's war. We've all got to sacrifice and go without. I sort of think it's fun, like a game. I remember the last one, how we ate margarine and all—"

"It isn't such fun for those who've got sons," said Aida.

"Well of course that's so. I wasn't thinking about that. In my small way I bleed for the Russians—"

There was a short lull after this which left Ethel to bleed quietly while she was packing away salad. They were four people who had been doing the same thing together every week for two years. Just possibly under the circumstances there was room for a lull.

Alice cast an eye about the dining room, taking in the old china cabinet with the precious glass doors, the crystal gerendoes, the big heavy mahogany sideboard with the silver tea set, the staffordshire lambs sprouting their fake bouquets in the middle of the table.

"Hasn't Marion got nice things," she said.

Marion looked soft. "Yes I have some stunning things. I don't know, they're all around the house, my stunning things—" She laughed with a touch of bitterness. Maybe they had seen also the stunning area in the corner of the living room ceiling where the paper had yellowed and peeled from the leak in the upstairs john, the shredded upholstery on one of the sofas. For a long time now she had been thinking her stunning things one day would be sitting out in the cold with the house crumbled around them and there would be no use in the world for them any more.

Almost as if they had read her mind they were asking in cautious polite voices, how was Bob's business.

"Oh fine," she lied, "of course he's not making millions."

"I heard the brokers were having a terrible time," Aida whined.

"Well of course," Marion weakened. "It is a lousy business to be in." She looked quickly at her hands the finger ends of which were cracked and scarred by sink water. She used to look upon her hands as patrician, graceful, a charming attribute. She did not like to look at them any more. They made her feel futile.

Alice said, "Nobody has got any money today. We're the setting sun."

No one seemed to be able to contest that one. Marion got up from the table and went back into the kitchen to get the coffee and cream and sugar. These days everybody talked about the sugar question—Two pounds a week!—which really had not yet grown to be a question for them at all. But then there had to be some questions or people would begin to die off. Ethel said it was fun. . . .

By the time they started to play bridge the effects of the liquor had left them and they all sat around the table a little stopped. With a curious fear they plunged into the first hand, playing it very fast with much concentration. When Ethel and Aida had won and there seemed nothing to do but go on, Marion glanced around at them and found herself wondering, "My Lord, can we all be dull as we look!" Then she decided something must be done about it. Ethel's face was no longer fresh and doll like, but somehow loosened and torn. Aida and Alice were dormant to say the least. With finality Marion announced, "I'm going to bring out the Rye, girls. To hell with everything." Even while she was saying it she felt uneasy about Bob, but she drove herself to go fetch the bottle from where she had hidden it among the pots and pans in the kitchen. Hurriedly she poured out four stiff highballs. The more she pictured the long weary gray face of Bob the more she said to herself, "What the hell, what the hell!" over and over again. When she saw there was a half an inch of whisky left in the bottle she tossed it.

The drink helped the party a great deal. There was no telling how much it helped each individual one, only that Ethel's face colored again, her eyes brightened, her voice became shrill and to a greater or lesser degree the others showed similar effects. A barrage of animated talk they never knew they had in them swept them through the first rubber and well on into the second. For an hour or so Marion felt free. All the time she tried to convince herself that she was not tight. In her mind she felt perfectly adequate. It was not she but her muscles that got drunk. She thought she would tell this to Bob when he came home. But for the time being she didn't want to think about Bob. The Ski Club was fine. She had a warm place in her for Ethel and Alice

and Aida. They were good people. She and they after all were akin, spoke the same language, had the same troubles. Every so often the women had to gang together. Always they had been doing this one way or another.

But when Bob suddenly made his appearance Marion could not help starting a little. She had no idea the afternoon had travelled so fast. A couple of hours had been lost just like that. The long narrow figure of Bob, the gaunt set face brought back responsibilities, overwhelmingly now because she was unprepared. The girls all fluttered at his entrance like roosting hens who have been frightened. They collected themselves and made excited talk to Bob. Marion said, "We—we have had a swell party." She could feel his eyes on her from where he was standing, in his coat and hat, just inside the door. She knew as he greeted them perfunctorily and got out of his coat that he was looking at the drinks and now she was not happy any more but felt offended as if Bob had already given her hell. Ethel told Bob Marion had given them a lovely time including a delicious salad. He came over and sat down in a chair, crossing his lean shanks and lighting a cigarette.

"Did she?" he said. He did not talk any more, but sat looking fagged and mad. Marion felt as if she had been perspiring heavily and was beginning to dry off. Her face felt stiff. She had had her drinks two hours ago but although she was sober she never could be sure how she looked. Liquor had a funny way of making her look bad a long time after the slightest indulgence.

After the girls finally went and she had waved goodbye from the door, Marion turned to where Bob sat watching her.

"Well?" she said.

"I hope you had fun, dearie." He scratched his thin moth-colored hair and frowned at her like all the times before.

"What do you mean?"

"Just I hope you had fun because you look like hell now."

"Do you mean I'm tight, is that what you mean?"

Bob was talking in a deep tired tone as if this were a question that could never be solved no matter how many times it came up. "I don't say you're tight, I just say I know you had a drink. Any time you have a drink I can tell."

Marion was flabbergasted. "How?" she echoed.

"Because I've told you till I've been blue in the face you are the ugliest woman in the world when you take a cocktail. Your face gets all tied up, you can't talk straight and you do not know how to drink."

"So I do not know how to drink!" Marion repeated. A terrible desperation swept over her. "You say I don't know how to cook, you say I don't know how to

keep house, I don't like good music or good books, I can't hold a deep conversation and, my God, I can't even drink!"

"When you are sober and just yourself," said Bob, "you're attractive enough."

"That's very nice, you're very white to say that—" Marion felt as if all the walls of the house were going to close in and crush her, that there was nowhere in the whole wide earth for her to go.

As if he were oblivious to the situation Bob asked, "What are you going to cook for dinner?"

For a second Marion thought she would pick up a lamp and break it on his head. Then the rage left her and she started for the kitchen, "I don't just know—I haven't planned anything in particular. You'll just have to eat what the hell you get—!"



R. KAHANA

Bon Voyage

Sports

By PHIL GORDON

The problem of a summer sports program has been solved. Boxing has been added to the schedule. On Thursday afternoons, from three to four, Dave Stevens will referee bouts between the college's Marquis of Queensbury addicts. Ripley and Krugman have offered their services as managers and seconds.

The plan arose last Thursday when Bard's white hopes, Lagunoff and Pelaez, met to decide which of them would take the title from Joe Lewis. Eight rounds were scheduled, and it was a private affair, special invitation being required to attend the match, which was held in the middle squash court. It was strictly an exhibition bout, no referee being requested by either of the brawny battlers. But Dave Stevens, after watching them slug it out toe to toe for nigh on to three and a half seconds, decided to see that it was a fair fight and by his own unanimous decision named himself referee.

Managers Mike Krugman and Ripper Ripley offered no objections. They were both anxious to see their boys get a fair deal.

"No hitting too hard," Krugman advised Stevens.

"Tickling's no fairies," Ripley chimed in.

We give you herewith a straight news account of the fight.

Marvin (Larruping) Lagunoff was named the victor by a technical knockout in the third of an eight round bout in Memorial Arena Thursday afternoon. Referee David Stevens raised his hand in victory after the oft-challenged paperweight champion of Poughkeepsie's Spanish colony, Pancho (Pedalling) Pelaez, could no longer lift his eyelids to glare at Lagunoff.

Pelaez's manager, Mike Krugman, who taught him all he knew for this all-important fight, protested the referee's action. "Punchy, I mean Pancho, was just warming up," he claimed. "That's the way he always starts, slow and easy. I'm gonna demand a recount or a rematch or whatever it is I'm supposed to demand."

"It was a grand fight," Referee Stevens stated at its conclusion. "Both boys were in good trim. They fought clean, nobody kicked, pinched or bit, and it was an honor to have been chosen as referee for such a charming tete a tete."

Round one: Both boys rushed from their corners, sneering bitterly at each other. Pelaez came out of that exchange the winner, Lagunoff fainted. Pelaez fainted. The referee brought him to. The challenger cocked his right. The bell rang, ending the round.

Round two: Lagunoff shuffled out of his corner, with pencil and paper in hand, taking notes for a short story about a prizefighter. Pelaez was pushed out of his corner,

but he ran back to put out his cigarette. They met in the middle of the ring, and Referee Stevens handed them the tiddledywink set. Lagunoff flipped in two before Pelaez was set, giving him the judges' unanimous decision for the round.

Round three: The fighters grimly bore down upon each other with a cream puff in each of their hands. Lagunoff caught Pelaez on the left toenail with the second toss, and the former champ was done. Referee Stevens carried him to his corner and then rushed back to raise Lagunoff's hand in victory.

Pelaez's injury was not serious. It is expected, his doctor reports, that the fighter will be in condition to return to his ring chores within the next two years.

* * * *

League softball team winners, the Blitz Kids, took the title on the last scheduled game of the season, in which they took no part other than to encourage the 4-F's to defeat the Arrrah Boys, who, if they had won the game, would have succeeded in tying for first, with a play-off game being necessary to decide the ultimate winner.

Until this last game the Blitz Kids and the Arrrah Boys had each lost one game, to each other. The other teams had been easy pickings. But, playing its two postponed games at the end of the season, the Arrrah Boys fell apart. The million-dollar infield had its price cut to \$999,999. The outfield looked rather shoddy, and the poor pitching finally became apparent when the infield did not make the sparkling saves which had formerly kept the pitchers in the box.

The Blitz Kids had a good infield, an amazing outfield of Slagle and Slagle, Inc., and steady pitching. Its hitting was consistently good. The Faculty, which pulled through the the season on the .500 per cent mark, probably had more of that vaunted "college-try" spirit than any of the student teams. All credit to Larry Leighton.

The 4-F's and Tramps, which were, respectively, at the bottom of the league, both made poorer showings than those of which they were capable. The 4-F's, in defeating the Arrrah Boys, looked like a ball team for the first time this season. The Tramps, in losing by only one run the previous day, proved that when they became serious they could play as good softball as any of the other teams.

The final team standing:

Team	Won	Lost	Avg.
Blitz	7	1	.875
Arrrah!	6	2	.750
Faculty	4	4	.500
4-F's	2	5	.286
Tramps	0	7	.000

The Blitz Kids, by winning the league, have the doubtful pleasure of meeting an All-Star team. It's like fight-

ing to see who is going to win the honor of climbing into the ring with Joe Louis. The members of the All-Star team who will, for one reason or another, be unable to play against the Blitz Kids, will be replaced by members of the second team.

After having had the temerity to make the selection for the All-Star teams last year without the guidance of the players, managers or fans, THE BARDIAN this year decided to conduct a poll among the entire college community to determine what stalwart athletes were deserving of the dubious honor of being named to the teams.

Many of those answering the poll were apparently dissatisfied with its incompleteness, for they wrote in the names of Laughing Larry Leighton as manager and Add-'em-up MacArthur as scorekeeper. David Livingstone, the little corporal, was also mentioned as the best briber in getting his very few scattered votes as outfielder.

The Arrrah Boys placed four men on the first team and two on the second, the Faculty three and two, the Blitz Kids two and two, the Tramps one and two, and the 4-F's none and two. Phil Green, Art Stevens, Sew Slagle and Ace Conway polled the largest number of votes. The only positions for which the polling was close were pitcher, first base, second base and the fourth outfielder.

Results:

Position	1st Team	2nd Team
Catcher	Gray (Faculty)	Petrina (Arrrah!)
Pitcher	Parsons (Faculty)	Seaman (Blitz)
1st Base	Munson (Arrrah!)	Potter (Blitz)
2nd Base	S. Smith (Blitz)	Chamberlin (4-F's)
3rd Base	Green (Arrrah!)	Sottery (Faculty)
Short Stop	A. Stevens (Arrrah!)	Horvitz (Tramps)
Outfield	Slagle (Blitz)	Pessin (Tramps)
Outfield	Conway (Tramps)	Grossi (Faculty)
Outfield	Day (Faculty)	Sagalyn (Arrrah!)
Outfield	McLaughlin (Arrrah!)	Chamberlin (4-F's)

* * * *

The most unfortunate episode of the spring softball season was the intentional walking of a batter in the last half of the seventh. The situation was this: there were two men out, with runners on second and third, Lagunoff was pitching for the 4-F's and Garrett batting for the Faculty. His last time at bat he had banged out a ground-rules double with a hart-hit ball onto the left field bank. As he came up to bat in the seventh, with his team one run behind, and a weak batter following him at the plate, he was given the intentional pass with the general approval of the 4-F board of strategy. There was some discussion about the properness of the walk, but it was legal according to the rules, and Lagunoff went through with it. That the Faculty ultimately won in spite of this bit of "Big-League" strategy is only a side-light, but a pleasing one.

In explanation for this action, it can be said that Pitcher

Lagunoff, Catcher Oberferst and Captain Babb were all freshmen and did not understand that the theory in back of the intramural program at Bard is supposed to be fun and exercise, with winning only incidental. Of course winning a game adds to its enjoyment, but intentional passing, looking for walks, like throwing games, is something that has never been done here. This is just a passing thought that might be remembered in future Bard softball seasons.

The Art Of Procrastinating

By JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Ever since Adam plucked the forbidden fruit for Eve, man has been cursed with various and sundry faults. As man made progress new faults were his with abundance, the Romans became degenerate, the Russians drank Vodka like water, the French noblemen had their cake and tried to eat it, and today the modern middleclass person sucks contentedly on cigarettes with as much ease as a person from any other walk of life. These are innovations of the times, but there is one thing which, according to the best authorities, has cursed man from the beginning—procrastination.

In this modern pell-mell world time is of seeming vitalness, taboo is the waste of this precious element. Statesmen, lawyers, businessmen all tell us that time is precious. Books, now reaching the countless stage, have been written on the best methods of utilizing to the fullest extent that never to be reclaimed commodity. I disagree, heartily, vehemently. I think that there is nothing more beautiful than to be able to lie back on some soft bed, or what have you, and think about how well the work you have to do will look after you finished. You ask why is it beautiful to contemplate the quality of the work to be done? The answer is very simple, for in the realm of your mind you can conceive the quality as being of true magnificence, while actually the finished product never reaches the essence accrued to in the mind.

Now, in complete disregard for those Draculas of modern days who claim that the touchstone of life is work, I will explain to the layman the proper techniques for reaching life's dream of plenty; or how to procrastinate with grace and enjoy it.

The first thing that you should do is, have the proper frame of mind, otherwise you will find that despite all your efforts to the contrary you will soon fall back in your old rut—work. The best thing for arriving at this state of mind is to make excuses for not doing something, anything. At first this may come very hard, but as time wears on it will be increasingly less severe on the nervous

system, and finally after a period of time, if you have been a faithful student and followed this routine with genuine zeal, you will find that the ability is yours for life.

Now, taking it for granted that the proper frame of mind has been reached, we go on. What are the best methods for the most efficient carrying out of procrastination? From my own experience I can truthfully say that there is one method which is infallible. That is getting up late in the day so that one's mind is in the state of stupor. This stupor is keenly aware that there are external forces at work trying to undue its good, so it constantly sets in motion within its host a repugnance to all forms of work. This repugnance is the only bulwark nature has set up for man against that evil, but remember, dear reader, that this stupor is greatly enhanced by late rising.

If there is a definite job which confronts you don't, by all means, don't run away from it. Instead, look at its prospects. Ask yourself, "Is it worth the effort?" If the answer is yes, delay and attack the problem from another angle. If you still find that the answer is yes you must do it, approach again from still another position—your motto should be, "Try, try again." Believe me, there are a thousand and one ways of looking at all forms of work. If you use just one-half this number you may be absolutely assured that any interest you previously held towards it will have disappeared. It is all so simple that it is amazing to me that anyone works.

Like all good things there are many pitfalls which one will encounter as he progresses. Again, basing from my own general experience, I will say that the greatest pitfall of them all is a well-meaning friend or friends. Beware. Friends as a rule don't know what is best—even if they profess to the contrary. The easiest way to eliminate this danger is to insult them to the point where your association is no longer desired. Some friends are persistent and won't be insulted out of your life. I had one such friend. I think I insulted him a dozen times without avail. Finally I told him with utter sincerity that God hadn't given him the brains he gave a green apple. It worked—he no longer speaks to me and what's more he thinks I am lazy. Actually I'm not lazy, I merely have found that which is the acme of life—the ability to procrastinate. There are many things and sayings which one can think of to drive off friends.

As time goes on you will find that the methods and manners which you use to procrastinate will become increasingly easier and easier. Finally it will be a second nature with you. If you find despite what I have told you, based on my own life experiences, you cannot procrastinate with ease, I am afraid that you are doomed to a life of work and success, which, heaven forbid that it happen, is almost too terrible to think about.

The Post War Business Cycle

By BENSON SNYDER

This paper is dealing with but a portion of the very vast and fundamental problem of social change, and man's adaptation to this change. The specific aspect of that problem which we will discuss is the business cycle after the war and the way in which we can control or avoid it. Before discussing actual answers and concrete plans, we would do well to have clearly in mind the relation of the business cycle to the far vaster puzzle of man. We, as human beings, are having to make a new adjustment to our environment. A very basic adjustment and thus, more difficult than in the past. We have evolved an age of machines and mass production and the rest. The machines, the mass production have brought with them a new way of life, and incidentally, business in the present form. Due to the nature of the human animal this kind of social order is bound to cause confusion and frustration, growing pains that have stayed too long. These mental difficulties join together with the mechanical faults of a "free" economy and the result is disastrous. To avoid such results, we must strike at the fundamental problem of adjusting to reality as well as solving the more secondary dilemmas, such as the business cycle. Without this basic approach, any number of laws passed to control prices, to raise taxes to pay for a coming depression, etc., will be hollow laws and far from permanent answers.

In the study of this particular post war business cycle I am arbitrarily deciding on three possible approaches. While they aren't mutually exclusive by any means, they are comprehensive. First, the probable real way that, given our present economy and government, the post war cycle will be dealt with under a capitalistic set up. Second, a good deal of what will be said will require inductive rather than deductive verification. It is an attempt at some theoretical observations on the causes of the business cycle. In the third section, those observations are made a bit more practical. A compromise position between theory and society, as it is.

According to Mr. J. M. Clark, the cycle after the war will run somewhat as follows: there will be a short, violent boom followed by a crash. These comparatively quick fluctuations then will level off into a transition period. To what would otherwise be a normal phase of the cycle will be added the reaction to the war, a very great random fluctuation in itself.

To the political economists after the war, assuming some kind of victory for us, the state of mind of the people will be of primary importance and will color his decisions to a great extent. The more severe the war,

the longer it lasts, the greater its destruction, the more bent on vengeance will be the people. It is extremely likely that mistakes will be made in pacifying the public mind. The worst result of a policy which is influenced by a frustrated nation will be a general policy toward shortsightedness in regard to the business cycle, in which long range planning is essential. The discussion of several specific problems directly related to the post war economic scene will follow.

The particular behaviour, of the the credit structure in time of war and in the following peace involves the handing over of purchasing power to the government. Here the government has an opportunity to pay back its war debt, to exert a great deal of influence on the course of the post war downward trend. There are several methods that the government may use to pay back these debts. First, it may out and out repudiate the debt completely. This is only a very extreme measure and would just about ruin the credit standing of that particular government for quite some time, not a very likely action as far as our government is concerned after this war. Second, the debt could be paid off by an extreme inflation, as did Germany in the last war. Merely printing paper bills to pay the debt. The effect of such a technique on the business is obvious, a boom and then a crash, proportional in depth to the heights of the inflation. Third, it could raise a special tax specifically to pay the loans and by making this tax sufficiently severe, pay off the bill in a year or two. Due to the state of mind of the people after the war, such a move on the part of the government would be a very unlikely approach. The merit, if any, in a very heavy tax soon after the war would depend a very great deal on the method that was used. How fair were its economic consequences. Fourth, as suggested by Mr. H. Menderhausen, "repay it with newly created money in times of widespread unemployment." I suppose his logic is somewhat as follows: by a currency expansion, the government will be able to pay the debt. This will increase the purchasing power of the nation as a whole. Prices will rise and business will expand, thus absorbing some of the unemployed. Prosperity resulting. A rosy picture. Fifth, the debt could be paid off over a long period of years, by tax revenues, stagger the debt, as it were. The cost in interest charges on such a method is apt to be considerable, and especially if we fail to bring the crash under control, keeping payments on the debt will work great hardship, aggravating the condition of the depression by drawing funds that should be spent toward recovery in this direction. Sixth, if, and follows a suggestion inspired by Mr. Keynes, we could raise the money for the debts to begin with by enforced savings during the war, graded proportionately to the income and needs of the individual, the paying of the war debt could serve a very necessary and strategic role in the control of the post war boom and crash. It would enable distributing of purchasing

power and of distributing it in the most important places. It is evident that the way in which the national debt is handled will have a very great influence on the course of events after the war, and will itself be affected by them.

Unemployment is another cause of the self generating aspect of the business cycle, and a very important problem, with which the government will have to deal in the post war economy. The first problem that arises is demobilization and at the same time the lay-offs in industry due to cancelled war contracts. It is extremely important that the solution be a sound one for a large number of unemployed will seriously aggravate the downward trend. Menderhausen suggests three methods for solutions, first as regards demobilization. It should be gradual. Two, the use of public works, and three, stimulation of peacetime industry. The first is a very unsatisfactory answer, for it involves a great waste of potential manpower in industry. It is a very artificial solution and certainly inadequate in itself. Public works have more in their favor, and should be a valuable means of tidying over the first repercussions of the war, in absorbing both men discharged from the army and the newly created unemployed caused by the shift of the Nation to a peacetime economy. In addition, the Public works will supply many with purchasing power that otherwise would not have had it. If peacetime industry is stimulated and this is done in connection with the works program, the government will have a degree of control on the boom and depression. In time, the increased activity of industry will reabsorb and take in afresh the unemployed. There seems to be some question as to what is meant by stimulating industry. That, right now, is incidental. What concerns this paper is that an attempt be made to stimulate.

Another control on the extreme fluctuation is the control of the wage, and in connection with that, rationing. By more or less stabilizing the purchasing power through a stable wage scale wild movements in industry in the period following the war can be averted.

The government should limit the rate of expansion in industry, controlling wild cat schemes and over-zealous spurts of activity in sections of industry that will have a cumulative effect on the entire economy. For example, an undue production of automobiles which will lead to a flooded market and drive prices down. The economic implications of this are self evident. One industry should not be unproportionately more active than another, and the general rate of expansion in business should be one that can be maintained without serious lags. This is no stagnant economy.

The relationship of capital goods to consumer goods should be kept within reason. There should be some control of capital goods to prevent them from undue increases in production on the basis of a small marginal

if possible, will in turn cause a rise in the production of capital goods and if well directed, a healthy one. A more consumer demand. Increased spending in consumer goods, equal distribution of income would accomplish this. This relationship of capital to consumer goods is extremely important as regards the business cycle.

Another problem after the war will be wide deviations in price levels. This should be controlled, but an allowance should be made for a slow and general rise in prices following the war. A stable price level is a relative matter.

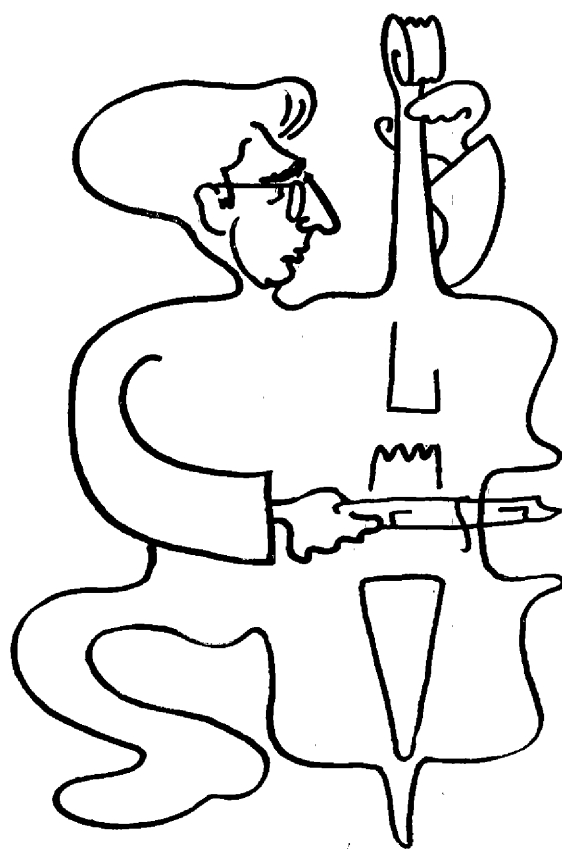
Now that we have seen a few of the various causes of the post war business cycle and the way in which the government could possibly deal with them, we shall go on to this problem in theory.

The first move is to see if there is anything basic and common to all economic systems. After the existence, if such there be, of universals has been established, we may then proceed to determine if they have any connection with the business cycle of our present system. The consumer is a fundamental unit of any economy. It is the providing for his consumption in an economic sense that causes variations in the system. We direct primarily or indirectly all production toward the satisfaction of his demand. The variation arises in the method. Perhaps, then, one basis of any economy is consumer-demand. This demand is not a constant thing, but is bound to fluctuate. Now, I am not naive enough to hold the movement of consumer-demand to be the cause of business cycles, but however, it might very well produce the basic tendency on the economy for fluctuation, a tendency which in our present system is greatly multiplied by the credit structure, the relation of capital goods to consumer goods, the price system, the nature of money, and more. There is a logical difficulty which arises here. From such a statement it would follow that any economy would have fluctuations in trade, and that is most probably true. We must look for an economy that will decrease rather than increase the cumulative effects of the consumer if the business cycle is to be brought under control. Yet details of such a plan are difficult and far beyond the range of a college freshman. However, I will attempt an example, to show more clearly what is meant. We spoke before of the relationship of capital to consumer goods and how that affected the cycle. If there could be more long range planning in the capital goods, if there were some way in which marginal consumer goods sold do not necessarily cause such a relatively large increase in capital goods production the pyramiding and cumulative affects toward upward or downward movement would be considerably lessened.

The point I want to emphasize as far as theory is concerned; that the change involved will be a basic and complete one. To sum up, I will give four rules that should guide the approach to the problem of the business cycle after the war. *One:* the whole trend of economic

policy must recognize the essential difference of the problems facing us today. *Two*: we, if we win, must make no attempt to lay the cost of the war on the loser. Such short sighted action has only bad effects in the long run. A potential cause to break the "equilibrium." *Three*: within the economy, National, that is, the emphasis should be on cooperation with production directed toward a closer correlation of consumer-demand, and all known techniques, some of which have been mentioned previously, used to control the cycle. This will mean far more planning and more control. *Four*: consider the world as primarily one economic unit.

The post war business cycle must be handled not only with a command of the tools but also an understanding of the values and the goal of the society.



Alumni

The alumni may be interested in the new program which Bard has adopted for the duration of the war for the purpose of allowing our students to complete their college work before becoming subject to registration for the draft. The college will be in session for three equal terms. Each of these terms will be equivalent to the semester in terms of instruction and credit received. New students may enter in any one of the three terms. Under this program it will be possible for a person entering Bard in June, 1942, to complete his work for the

degree in two and two-thirds years, graduating in December, 1944.

The summer term will begin on June eighth and close September eleventh. The fall term will begin on September seventeenth and close December twenty-third. The Winter Field Period will be retained. The spring term will begin on February eighth and close on May fourteenth.

Following is a list of the addresses and occupations of students who were at Bard within the last few years.

Brand, John E., Ex. '41—Private Det. 4th Ordnance Service Co., Fort Bragg, N. C. Has been accepted as a Flying Cadet and is awaiting transfer.

Wigglesworth, Frank, '40—Teaching at Converse College, School of Music, Spartansburg, S. C.

Chappell, Bartlett, '37—Teaching at New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Storer, Andrew, '40—2nd Lt., Armored Force, U. S. Army. Stationed in California. (85th Rcn. Bn., 5th Armored Division, Camp Cooke, Lompac, Cal.)

Worcester, Donald, '39—U. S. Navy. Stationed in Puerto Rico.

Gile, John K. Ex. '43—Barracks 324, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala.

Ream, John W. Ex. '43—U. S. Army Air Corps, Barracks 24, 34th Air Base Sq., Manchester Air Base, Manchester, N. H.

Strater, Harry, Ex. '43—Armored Force, A.F.T.C., Co. "C", 8th Battalion, Camp Knox, Ky.

Blech, Edward S., '41—U. S. Naval Reserve. Training at Northwestern University.

Kingston, Paul, '41—Turner Field, Albany, Ga. (Killed in plane crash, March).

Burrough, Arnold, Ex. '41—Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla.

Steinway, John H., '39—Flight D, 567th Tech. Sch. Sq., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Phillips, Carlton, Ex. '43—Co. B., 40th Inf. Tr. Bn., Camp Croft, S. C.

Switzer, Frederick, Ex. '45—12th Squadron, Barracks 750, Scott Field, Ill.

Bailey, Solon, Ex. '43—Co. A., 10th QMTR, Camp Lee, Va.

Belknap, Donald, Ex. '43—Granted honorable discharge from the Army because of ill health. Home address: 44-55 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

Karlson, Rodney, Ex. '43—Cadet in the U. S. Army Air Corps. Address unknown.

Klitgaard, Peter, Ex. '44—Working for the Sperry Gyroscope Co., in New York City.

McQueeney, Robert, Ex. '43—Attending Army War College, Dct. 30th Engineers, Washington, D. C.

Molyneaux, Jay, Ex. '36—Working in the experimental laboratories of the Texas Company at Glenham, N. Y.

Aufricht, Gabor, '42—Private. Co. H., 29th Infantry Training Bn., Platoon 1, Camp Croft, S. C.

Aufricht, Robert, '42—Private. Co. D., 2nd Tng. Bn., Barrack A, S.C.R.T.C., Fort Monmouth, N. J.

Allen, Pliny, Ex. '45—Flight C, 27th T.S.S., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Terry, Matthew, Ex. '44—U. S. Navy, U.S.S. Monadnock. Care of the Postmaster, New York City.

Leefmans, Bert M. P., '41—Camp Croft, S. C.

Hopewell, Henry, Ex. '43—Attending New England Aircraft School, East Boston, Mass.

Tillson, John—Co. A, 307thm Inf., U. S. Army A.P.D. 77,
Ft. Jackson, S. C.

Stoller, Wm—Lost on the U.S.S. Langley.

Honey, John—Teaching at the Univ. of Conn.

Lehmann, John G., '41—U. S. Army, Colorado. Rank and
address unknown.

Lambert, George, '41—U. S. Army. Rank and address un-
known.

Dalton, George F., '41—Naval Air Station, Room 126,
Jackson, Fla.

Haberman, Jr., Robert—Camp for conscientious objector,
c/o T. Ellison, Long Meadows, New Paltz, N. Y.

The Concert

TONY HECHT

From the dimensions of shrill, seasoned wood,
Neurotic wires and the placid valve,
From that grotesque assembly of chairs,
And from the crippled gestures of those men,
Whose invalid postures turn aside their faces—
Come these full eddies of transparent sound,
Climbing and maturing to the yellow plaster ceiling—
Pressing the contours of the hall
To their most final crevice.
Over that fashionable diaphragm, the balcony,
Tumbles the multiple breath of harmony,
Coming as a secret or a lover to every
Listener in his claret-colored seat,
And conquers with the frankness of a child,
Like little Mozart with the Empress.

From that spontaneous geometry
Of force, which brings back with each year's charade,
Inevitably, the green pores of Spring,
Swelling upon the carcass of the land
In a bold rite which cannot be ignored
Nor yet denied—from this same simple womb,
Springs the intense demeanor of the sound;
The music takes possession of all minds.
Folding the frail diagonals of space,
It whispers to a thousand heads at once,
And, neatly, with its ambidextrous knack,
Quickens the coupled wrists of puppy-love,
Excites the pleated palms of an old man.

So it is not confined by doors and ticket stubs,
But rather, groping for a new environment,
Extends itself within our consciousness
Beyond the single place or single man,
To an unmarginned realm—
Into, perhaps, an infinite orchard or vineyard,
Where it may roll down the crossed vistas in a vast
plaid of power,
Or cause the grape to burst its skin of its own accord.

Parlor Games For Strong People

By ALVIN SAPINSLEY

Easton looked at me for a moment, and then said,
steadily, "I'm going to kill you."

My head snapped back, and I looked at him.

"Yes," he repeated, "I am going to kill you."

I felt a sudden twinge go up my spine. I managed
a completely foolish smile.

"I didn't know you felt this way about me," I said.

I had been sitting in my living room reading Winnie
the Pooh, and wondering why I couldn't write anything
as simple and still as beautiful, when the telephone com-
menced ringing. It was Easton, and on the other end
of the wire he was gasping in a way that meant only one
thing: he had come upon something new.

Easton was an inveterate taster. He was in that
lovely and indecent position of having been left what
appeared to be an inexhaustible income, and not having
to worry about the vulgar necessities of life, he amused
himself by sitting about experiencing anything that
came along that was unusual, dangerous, or salty. He
had gone through all religions, ancient and modern; he
had tried health cults and communism; hypnotism and
fascism; he had lynched negroes in South Carolina, and
married negroes in South Africa. He had been in jails
and monasteries, and had gone as far under the sea as
a man could go, and as far above the earth as a man
could go.

And his voice over the phone was the voice I had come
to recognize so well. Something new had come up, and
he wanted to try it immediately.

I wasn't disappointed.

"Hello, Bert!" he fairly shouted. "Look, can you
get over here right away. I've got hold of something
fantastic."

"What is it?" I inquired. I was always rather flat-
tered at the way he chose to include me in some of his
adventures, but experience with him had taught me not
to rush in blindly.

"I can't explain, but do come right away."

Before I could say anything he had rung off. I de-
cided I had better run over and see what it was this
time. Besides, my curiosity was as great as his, al-
though my means prevented me from indulging myself
to the extent he did.

Easton lived in an elaborate duplex overlooking Wash-
ington Square. My own place, in a humbler quarter
of the village, was only a few minutes from him, and
I lost no time in walking through the twisted streets to
his imposing building. He occupied the top two floors,
and those floors contained little bits of this and that

gathered from all corners of the explored world, and one or two corners of parts of the world known only to Easton and his selected few. These souvenirs ranged from a chess set autographed by the Maharajah of Nang-poor to a tasty set of human heads—legal tender in West Africa amounting to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

When he met me at the door, he was looking unusually grave.

"Come in, Bert," he said, and led me into his study, a maroon leather quadrangle that never seemed to be light enough to read in. We sat down, and he lost no time in decanting the whisky and busying himself with ice and soda. These preliminaries finally over, he curled himself into his oversized armchair and looked at me steadily. It was then that he shot those five words at me, and that shiver went up my spine, because I knew that if Easton ever decided really to kill me—he would kill me and have no regrets. I had seen him lynch those negroes, and I had seen him sit down to a hearty meal of human flesh, and the simple snuffing out of another's life—even one who was as close to him as I had been—meant no more to him than slapping a fly, or catching a fish.

"It's not that I feel that way about you at all," he replied to my labored joke, "let's look at the thing intellectually."

When Easton looked at a thing intellectually, it meant that he was able to completely divorce from the subject the slightest bit of personal feelings about the matter, be it joy, remorse, or what. It did me no good at all to hear him say that.

"You may look at it intellectually, if you like," I said, "but I have a much more personal attachment to the problem than you have."

Easton looked disappointed.

"Now, Bert," he said, "you know I feel very close to you. Why, we've known each other for years."

"That's quite true," I said, "and until five minutes ago I had entertained hopes of knowing you for a good many more years."

Easton shrugged.

"Of course, it's up to you," he said. "But I have an idea that I don't think you'll be able to resist once you hear about it."

"This idea concerns itself with killing me?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"Oh—only in a manner of speaking. How do you mean?"

"All right, it concerns itself with killing you. Yes."

I refilled my glass.

"And suppose, after you tell me the idea, I *am* able to resist it?"

Easton licked his lips. This in itself was an ominous gesture.

"I shall try to persuade you," he said.

That meant, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Easton

had made up his mind—and nothing I could do or say would have any effect on it. Inadvertently I glanced around the room, estimating my chances of escaping. He observed this and smiled winningly.

"Don't let me seem dangerous, Bert," he said. "Perhaps I'm a little overenthusiastic about it. But do let me explain."

"All right," I said, "explain." My eye had fallen on a long jade-handled paper knife that lay on his desk. I was closer to it than he was, and I could move faster than he could. I decided to wait, and see what happened. I must confess, my curiosity overcame my fear for the moment.

He sank lower in his chair, and brought his finger-tips together.

"What is the first risk a murderer runs?" he inquired.

"That's easy," I replied, "getting caught."

"Exactly. And what are the elements that generally confound a murderer?"

"Again, simple," I said. "Usually material clues. Fingerprints, footprints, neglected items—a good detective can uncover thousands of them. Then there are psychological factors. Nervousness, self-contradictions. Then there are motives. Very important, motives."

Easton thought for a moment.

"Suppose," he said slowly, "that there was no motive . . . ? What then?"

"There have been so-called motiveless murders," I said, "that's a common enough thing. But the murderer is usually insane in that case, and he can usually be tripped up just because of that very thing. The man who commits the perfect crime is generally a fanatic, and modern criminology has ways of discovering that."

Easton nodded profoundly, as though I had said exactly what he wanted me to say.

"Quite," he murmured, "quite. But suppose the victim was dead, and there was no conceivable motive, and the murderer was not unbalanced?"

Easton was obviously referring to himself, and I found my eyes moving more and more toward the letter opener on the desk.

"They would still have one thing to work from," I said, "the weapon."

"If there was no weapon . . ."

"There would still be the evidence of the weapon on the victim, be it knife wound, bullet, or poison, and miracles can be worked out from such a seemingly impossible basis." Easton was relaxed completely in his chair, and I had begun to feel more at ease, so much so that I said, jestingly, "No, Easton, old boy, modern criminology has explored almost all possibilities. If you're considering murdering me and getting away with it, you'll have to dig up something positively unique."

He looked up at me and blinked.

"I have," he said.

Once more I felt those cold shivers, and my security vanished. Damn it, he probably had.

"What?" I asked.

"Suppose," he said, "there was no motive and no weapon, and no evidence that a weapon was used at all?"

"Strangulation shows," I said.

"Not strangulation."

"Heart attack?"

"You haven't a weak heart."

My throat felt dry.

"In that case," I said, "there would be no possibility of proving that murder had taken place."

He looked at me and grinned.

"My point, exactly," he said, "no murder."

I was beginning to wonder if perhaps my friend hadn't gone mad suddenly.

"Then how in the world are you going to kill . . . this person?" I almost said "me."

"By suggestion," he said. "The black magicians did it in the middle ages. I can do it now."

I suddenly felt relieved. I poured myself more whiskey.

"You're sceptical," he said.

"Frankly, I am," I said. "I've read about the stuff myself. You stick pins in a little doll you've christened after your enemy, and pretty soon your enemy keels over and dies." I sniffed, disparagingly. "Not me, old man."

"Possibly not," he said, shifting his position. "We'll see."

I couldn't keep those cold shivers under control, no matter how much I said I didn't believe in it. And I didn't. I really didn't. I told him so in just that way, and he merely grinned again and repeated that we would see.

"Why are you doing this to *me*?" I asked, "assuming that it can be done—which I still doubt very much."

"Simply because you are the only person I know who wouldn't be a complete pushover. You've a will of your own, and you can try to combat my influence. You see," he leaned over and tapped my knee, "we can make a game out of it, a great, tremendous sport."

"The sides are a little uneven, don't you think?" I said. "You're merely trying an experiment, I'm—fighting for my life."

"A trifle."

"A trifle perhaps. But a trifle which I have come to consider very dear to me."

"I didn't think you were so unromantic, Bert."

"I'm not unromantic. You should know that by now. But even I think I should draw the line at submitting to a completely useless murder, just to satisfy a friend's curiosity. Suppose our positions were reversed?"

"Suppose they were? It would still be, to my mind, an unusually exhilarating game."

I decided to try to bluff my way out.

"Very well, then," I said. "Since you have no pref-

erence in the matter, and I seem to have a very decided one, let's reverse the positions. I'll murder you, and you resist—if you can."

Easton became positively radiant.

"Wonderful!" he breathed. "I knew you wouldn't disappoint me. The minute I thought of this, I knew you'd be the one person to realize its possibilities!"

I was somewhat taken aback.

"You mean—you'll do that?"

"I've an even better idea! We'll both play the same hand—and see who wins."

"You mean . . .?"

"Exactly. I'll try to kill you, and you can try to kill me! Let's have a drink on that."

He was up, fiddling with ice cubes, before I realized completely what he had said. My brain was in a whirl. He was actually serious. He was going through with this awful game. I knew that to reason with him was hopeless. It was then that I realized he was really insane. Insane, and possessed of a mind and will that made that insanity dangerous. He would kill, and he wouldn't think twice about doing it.

"What's to prevent my going to the police and reporting this whole conversation? Threatening life is illegal, you know."

He turned to me, with a glass in each hand, and for the first time I noticed the steely glint in his eyes. Mad eyes.

"Who would believe you?" he said softly. "They, like you, would be sceptical."

He lifted his glass, and I, in a daze, found myself parroting his actions.

"To the game," he said, and I heard my voice repeating, "to the game." We drank.

He looked at his watch.

"It's eleven o'clock," he said. "A week from this time, I expect you to be dead. Unless, of course," he added, "you are the winner."

My head was swimming as I left the apartment. The elevator boy seemed to look at me as though I were a condemned man. I shook my head again and again, in an effort to clear it. What could he do? Was it possible? Can a man think another man to death? No! No! It can't be done! And yet, could it? Suppose he had poisoned the whiskey? But, no! Easton was too much a sportsman for that. I cursed myself for ever having fallen under his adventurous spell.

Once in the street, I tried to pull myself together. The air was cooler, and I had more room. As I walked home, I tried to think everything through in an objective fashion. Back in my apartment, among my own things, with Winnie the Pooh lying face down where I had left it, things seemed more sensible and realistic. Was it anything more than just one of Easton's pranks? He was a notorious practical joker? Couldn't it be merely something he would soon spread among his friends,

making me the laughing stock of the circle? Yes, that must be it. And then again, must it? I searched my bookshelves until I found a volume on Witchcraft—but I didn't open it. I already knew the procedure, and I also knew that to have any effect, the subject must believe in its power. And I didn't believe. I didn't. I didn't. Or, did I?

I confess I slept badly that night, and when the telephone rang early the next morning, I knew who it would be, and what the inquiry would be. I was determined to let him know nothing.

"Hello, Bert, how are you?"

"Fine, Easton," I replied, "and you?"

"Oh, I'm great. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, why?"

"You shouldn't have, you know."

"Oh?"

"No, you should have tossed like anything. Well, maybe tonight you'll feel it more."

"Feel what more? What are you doing?"

"Just thinking," he said, easily. "Just thinking," and hung up.

I went about my day's affairs without particular relish.

At supper time, he called again.

"Have a nice day, Bert?" he inquired.

"Fine," I replied, "and you?"

"Oh, so so," he said. "I had a slight headache this afternoon. I want to congratulate you."

I was astounded.

"Oh," I said, quietly, "thank you."

"Oh, don't thank me," he said. "Wait until tomorrow morning."

I didn't have much appetite for my supper after that. Could I have given him that headache? It seemed impossible. I was certainly not planning to. And yet, if subconsciously, I had, then it was possible, and I could do it again. But, then so could he. I decided to experiment. If he was intent on playing this game, perhaps I could get in a few punches first.

I was suddenly struck with an idea. From my kitchen window I could see his penthouse across the roofs of the intervening buildings. Perhaps, I could let him know that I was not idle, if he should chance to look out his living room window. I turned off all the other lights in the apartment, and brought two floor lamps into the kitchen, to brighten it. Then I took down the shade and curtains, and concentrated the light on myself, as I stood at the window. I stood there a few minutes, and concentrated on the squares of light that marked his apartment. After five minutes of this, his lights blinked on and off three times. A moment later, the telephone rang.

"That was pretty good, Bert," said Easton when I picked up the receiver. "You looked quite impressive

there. I never thought of that. However, I prefer the more subtle methods. I think you'll see what I mean a little later."

Now, what could he mean by that?

When I went to bed, I couldn't sleep. I tossed and smoked, and tried to read, but it was no good. My head was beginning to throb, and nothing would stop it. A dozen times that night, I was on the point of phoning him and begging to call the thing off, but I held off because I knew it would be no use. I had to fight this thing through on his terms—or else take other measures. Other measures?

Three days passed, and lack of sleep, plus lack of appetite had altered my appearance noticeably. So much so, that friends began to comment on the fact. To their questions I replied noncommittally, and they soon grew tired of asking, and, indeed seemed to feel that I was snubbing them in some way. My world began to narrow down to no one but Easton and myself, playing this fantastic game—and playing it for keeps.

Easton telephoned twice a day, to inquire after my health. I had not seen him since our first interview, when the deadly contest began. The conversations never varied. Each time I would struggle to keep my voice calm and assure him of my well being, while each time he appeared to be talking quite easily and candidly, complaining once or twice of slight headaches, or minor attacks of indigestion.

On the fifth morning I awoke at dawn with racking pains all through my body. I stayed in bed all day, sleeping fitfully. When Easton called I wondered whether I could possibly convince him that I was not on the point of death. However, he seemed to accept my assurance quite readily.

The sixth day found me in such pain that I was almost unable to lift the telephone to my ear. My nerve was going, and I was in a semi-coma most of the time. Weird pictures and images kept floating before me, and I could see Easton, dressed in some outlandish costume, brewing charms in an enormous caldron, and muttering horrible incantations over it.

On the last day I had practically given up hope. Towards afternoon I dragged myself out of bed, determined to meet my end standing up. I dressed as best I could and made a few pitiful attempts to freshen myself up. My face, when I caught sight of it in the mirror, was unrecognizable. When the telephone rang, I didn't even bother to answer it. He must know by this time that his devilish plan had worked. I hoped he was satisfied. I hoped his fiendish little insane mind was satisfied. I looked at myself in the mirror, and laughed. It was a strange, cracked, feeble laugh. The laugh of an old man. And I looked like an old man too. My face was thin and grey.

It was then that the idea came to me. I recalled a thought I had had way back at the beginning of the

game. I was fighting for my life—and I was losing. I was losing because I was using his weapons—and I was no good at it. But I too had weapons. And I could use them. I'd show him that I thought enough of my life to fight for it—fight for it really. I dragged myself out of the apartment—for the first time in ages, it seemed. The air felt good. I had made my plan, and the thought of it cheered me. I was about to use those "other measures." I walked around the square for an hour, thinking things over. Then I went to put my plan into effect.

I returned home a little after ten. I bathed and shaved, and went out to dinner. I was hungry, and I ate heartily. When I got back to the apartment, I read Winnie the Pooh for an hour and went to bed. I slept beautifully.

The newspapers the next day carried the story of how Easton was found sprawled on his study floor with a jade-handled letter opener plunger into his heart. From the fingerprints on the knife, and the testimony of the doorman and elevator boy, apprehension of the murderer was expected shortly.

I sat in my living room, waiting for the murderer to be apprehended. It didn't take long. Modern criminology, as I told Easton, works quickly and efficiently.

The Church And Social Problems

By STANLEY B. SMITH

There has always been an uncertainty existent in the role of Christian churches, how far they should intervene in social, economic, and political issues which face the society in which the church serves. The reasons for this feeling are no doubt caused by the nature in which the church originated. Its vital connection with the spiritual realm has often interfered with a more outspoken standpoint with regards social conditions.

If a church makes it a point to take sides on issues regarding economics or politics, people will be alienated from God because of an issue which is far from the spiritual realm. The church will receive the name as taking sides on an issue that cannot be defined by the words "good" or "evil." If the church on the other hand isolates itself, as a good many churches have in the past, from the current problems which face society, what good is the church to mankind? What purpose has the church of existing if it cannot serve the community, or more broadly speaking, the society. The christian church has only recently wakened up to the fact that the church must influence social and economic problems, more so if those problems influence the people which the church serves. Why not tell the people in the first place what life is, what living in a community with

other people means, what a turmoil our economic system is in, how impossible Jesus' command to love thy neighbor is to follow, but how by the grace of God we can be saved. People are demanding and seeking a solution, if not a solution, a passage-way leading to a solution. Sometimes the church can help, too often it fails. Should the church place itself in a spiritual glass house and then if it fails, it is apt to throw the whole blame on God Himself. This idea is expressed in the report regarding the church and community in the Oxford conference held in Oxford, July 1937:

"The church is under obligation to proclaim the truth that the disintegration of society has one root cause. Human life is falling to pieces because it has tried to organize itself into unity on a secularistic and humanistic basis without any reference to the divine will and power above and beyond itself. It has sought to be self-sufficient, a law unto itself. Nor is there any hope in the ascription of sacred quality to nation or state or class. A false sacred, a false God, merely adds demonic power to the unredeemed passions of men. Though bringing about temporary and local unity it prepares for mankind an even worse and wider conflict. The recall to God in penitence must stand first."

In a sense this is a hopeful sign that the church is coming to a closer and more understandable view with regards to the social conditions around it. But it is only a start. The vital question would remain: "How can the church act?" The church cannot act only through individuals; the germ of rightness must be started and multiplied through a community until the whole community is affected. But the question continues "What is the germ of rightness?"

J. C. Bennett in his book entitled "Social Salvation" deals very thoroughly with the problems confronting the church, of which one is the social attitude of the church. When attempting to correct the problem associated with society it is utterly impossible to suppose that it can be corrected overnight. That it can be completely corrected is doubtful, in fact practically impossible. If the church would become merely social minded and act in the right direction, that in itself would be a victory for many theologians who see the only future for the church along social lines. Mr. Bennett is such a theologian. He advocates that the church should act as agent for social salvation. The church has sanctioned persecution, war, and slavery. It has fought against science and scientific developments until the opposition became futile. It has preached "an other-worldly gospel of individual salvation which has been an opiate for the feelings of the exploited and for the consciences of the exploiters." J. C. Bennett, like Reinhold Niebuhr feels that the church has refused to keep up with the times in regards to knowledge. "The modern Protestant churches are no longer on the defensive against the assured results of modern knowledge," although the Roman Catholic

church almost outrightly condemns modernism. The early church had a social gospel but it was mostly apocalyptic "which did not call for the application of human will and intelligence to concrete social problems. The Mediaeval church had a social ethic but it was an ethic of social control and not of social change." The real changes in society have occurred within the last century, stimulated greatly by the industrial changes on the one hand, and the transition from what roughly may be called feudalistic society to present society, termed in economical terms as capitalistic. "The present problems is that created between ministers and laymen." The church has only begun to see the real problems. Bennett says that the social changes do not necessarily mean that the church will not have the spiritual power which is needed for its task. There is today, he feels, a loss of confidence in its own teaching. He continues by showing how the church can contribute in the process of social salvation in protection against the totalitarian state. In the church there is a spiritual freedom which cannot tolerate the totalitarian state.

Bennett has worked out certain elements in the social strategy for the church. The first point is that the church must dedicate itself to the general goals which are the aims of the whole Christian Social movement. "The church cannot really bring its people into the presence of God without first creating a condition of social repentance. When once men stand before God, all human distinctions, all artificial human claims upon privilege and power should disappear." This action brings the church into a unified state and "The power of christian faith and love is harnessed to the task of social change, and it is at this point that those who are working for a new society find leverage in dealing with the great body of Christians." The second aim of the church should be the call to repentance for specific social evils. If the church pulpit was used to show people how infested their whole lives were by prevailing social conditions, it would help people to realize how serious these conditions were. Clergymen blaming humanity for present conditions would not help the cause, because the ministers themselves are tied up in the same social evils "and indeed they are among the most secure people in the community!" To get down to more general facts, the people should "become aware that they themselves often profit by the exploitations, the evil results of which they never see because of their narrow social experience, that their opinions and their votes are largely controlled by their own economic interests."

The final aim of the church according to Bennett is the support of definite steps apart from partisan politics and specific legislation. In this point Bennett fails and quite noticeably. He advocates and rightly so, that the church must educate the people to think along social lines, to consider the social and economic bonds which cramp our lives.

The economic issues boil down to three direct questions.

1. What does capitalism do to persons?
2. What kind of economic order is just and desirable?
3. What kind of economic order is possible within the limits set by human nature and the structure of economic life?

The church, may answer the first question with more authority than the others, for the church is always dealing with the poor, and has too often seen the result of extreme wealth. "It is the business of the church to keep this first question ringing in the ears of society." In a general way the church may make suggestions with regard to the second question taking examples from the first question to guide its choice, the church can blast every attempt to defend special privilege in the name of liberty. The last question must be left to the economist.

The answer to the question "Should the church take sides when its members are divided?" Bennett says that it should. "The pulpit should be used in restraint for controversial discussions, remembering that the church represents the will of God and not the majority of people attending." In a good many cases the people will be ignorant of the problems until they are brought up in the church itself or in some discussion group connected with the church. The church should be a center for round table discussion for the purpose of organizing a defense against the prevailing problems.

The final adjustment which is necessary to the workings of a social-minded church is the question "Are we doing God's will?" In this we must realize that God is limited in His dealings with men. God does not will social evil, but when the church is faced with the problem of social evil, it must harness those forces within its power which it considers good, to fight the prevailing problems. These problems like any others which may arise in life must be treated with the help of God. Should God correct the existing evil in some supernatural way, man's difficulties would be solved but not through any help of his own. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways saith the Lord." The task may be long and tedious; it may take many mistakes to accomplish one step forward but life seems to be that way; it is a road of testing.

Reinhold Niebuhr's "An interpretation of Christian Ethics" deals with the problem of society by criticizing the wrong attitudes existing within both the liberal and orthodox churches today. Orthodox Christianity cannot come to the aid of modern man "partly because its religious truths are imbedded in an outmoded science and partly because its morality is expressed in dogmatic and authoritarian moral codes." This type of church for the most part, with its antiquated methods is obviously not able to deal with the modern, present day social conflicts. On the other hand, the liberal church, according to Niebuhr is so dominated by the desire to prove to its generation that it does not share in the incredible myths

of orthodox religion that it, too, is handicapped. It has tried to prove that religion and science are compatible. In the effort to bring its church up to date, the liberal church has sacrificed some of its religious heritage, and "clothed the remainder in terms acceptable to the modern mind." It has put around certain contemporary problems such as prohibition, almost a religious orb, which in the final analysis tends to lift the evil out of its context and be forced into the conclusion of admittance that the first attack is completely alienated from the last.

It is easy to stand on a pedestal outside the universe and throw stones at it. Neither Bennett or Niebuhr however take this position. Both of them stand amidst the existent problem which confronts the church with regards the doctrines of man. It is too easy to let the church isolate itself, for if the church devotes itself to helping humanity it must indulge in conflicts which effect humanity, remembering at the same time its purpose and relationship with God; that through His grace all society may be defended from the evils which are so closely knit into our whole existence. Should one of these evils be removed there are always possibilities for a whole shake-up in the process of adjustment, which give vice to new evils. The church will always be faced with evil; and the more effectively it can face it, the more successful it will be in serving society.

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Sonnet

Since these are but the musings of a fool,
Forget them; and assuming that the world
Is made of men, be practical—what rule
Against man's strength of wisdom can be hurled?

Across the evening's zenith I have seen
Pale tokens of new dawns to be: and yet
When twilight's glow has dimmed to night, it's been.
And will another sunset come? Let's bet;
I take all odds. Yes, I have felt the touch
Of love—love's cousin, hate—and death, the end
Of hate. This is significant of much
To me. And when the spirit tries to bend
My steps to corporate, human ends, I quail
Before myself. But in the end I fail.

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Indoctrination

By AL ROE

To what extent does indoctrination affect people? This is going to be one of the biggest problems after the war as it has been one of the biggest influences of the war. If we can be persuaded after the war that Nazism belongs to the Nazi party which in itself is small and not to the German people, the stream of blood in Europe will be but a mere trickle. I doubt if we are persuaded, and unless the war is so long that the bleeding of Germany would be too much for our tired mentality and too costly on our own hides, Germany will be underground and not planted to grow. While the Germans were obviously indoctrinated, the ideas were not only latent in their hearts but also appealed to them. I can't see the success of Nazism otherwise. Christ gave to man a share in a Platonic-Hebraic God, making Him a part of man. *It was flattering to man, and the results were astounding, not to say powerful.* Reformation gave God to the individual man. The results were equally flattering as those of Christ and just as powerful. Germany put a new twist on this progression. It flattered the Germans by telling them how big God would be in the form of their state. The results aren't tabulated yet, but we do know that the average German is as mundane and as mechanical as the German he tried not to be when he assumed the role of the superhuman in his Super State (capitalized because it means God). The price of this belief is the whole gamble and at this point of the war he will pay unremittingly.

Ideas live; they have a certain life span as organic and as animated as flesh and blood. But in the embryo, life is greatest. The motherhood of ideas is vastly more

powerful than the mature, the well spoken, well defined and the crystallized idea. This fringes the realm of the spirited. Democracy in France was well developed, well defined and matured. The French not only knew their right of free speech but used it for it was given him in his bill of rights. What happened was that Frenchmen were leftists one day, conservatives the next, and an argument or two later they were any one of a scramble of political ideologies. England, as America, grants free speech, and English and American blood would curdle without it. The German bombings sparsely gave the blooming English a twitch compared to the shimmies they've got for fear of losing their right to speak openly. Everything is there but it doesn't seem to click. What was the difference? In both this country and England there is a fundamental belief which has only been talked about as an unborn baby is talked about. It is not defined since it is known only as a feeling. If it should come into the world, it would lose its strength. Its being would become tyrannical, representative of the people without their knowing it and without their say, or as in France not at all.

William James refused to believe in any God who would not work shoulder to shoulder with him. It was to his advantage to do so, as it may be advantageous for a Jew to believe he is of a chosen race. At least he has a perspective on the majority. But such a position, valuable as it may be, is critical and thus restricted by its own nature. However most Jews will say they did not choose this position and that it was forced upon them. So may many Germans when it comes their turn.

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